

Corradini



CORADDI: The Magazin



of the Arts at UNC-G

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CORADDI

the magazine of the fine arts at UNC

Summer 1984

The cover painting, "She Is" is by Sheila
Batiste, graduate winner of the 1984
Chancellor's Award.



Sander Gib

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Sheila Batiste	John Martin
Chris Clodfelter	Marcia McCredie
Catherine L. H. Covington	Jon M. Obermeyer
Nathanael Dresser	David Robinson
Sander Gibson	Elizabeth Rochelle Smith-Botsch
Ken Hall	Marcy Stokely
Mark Thomas	



Sander Gibson

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Her Poems are Best Because

Her poems are best because
they are squat and unassuming.
I dream her into a high white ceilinged room
brushing sand off her feet behind a wicker screen,
spreading her toes wide--
the same look on her face
as when she walks down the street alone
or listens to the flat footfalls of my voice
calling her from the stair.
The same look
as always, bland
and observant.
She lives in one low beige room
whose door is a black bridge to the light of her small lamp.
She likes the spareness,
bare windows, full light and dark.
She writes all her poems here.
I dream her into her rattan chair
with the flared back,
her suppliant fingers well-controlled,
pressing water out of a stone.

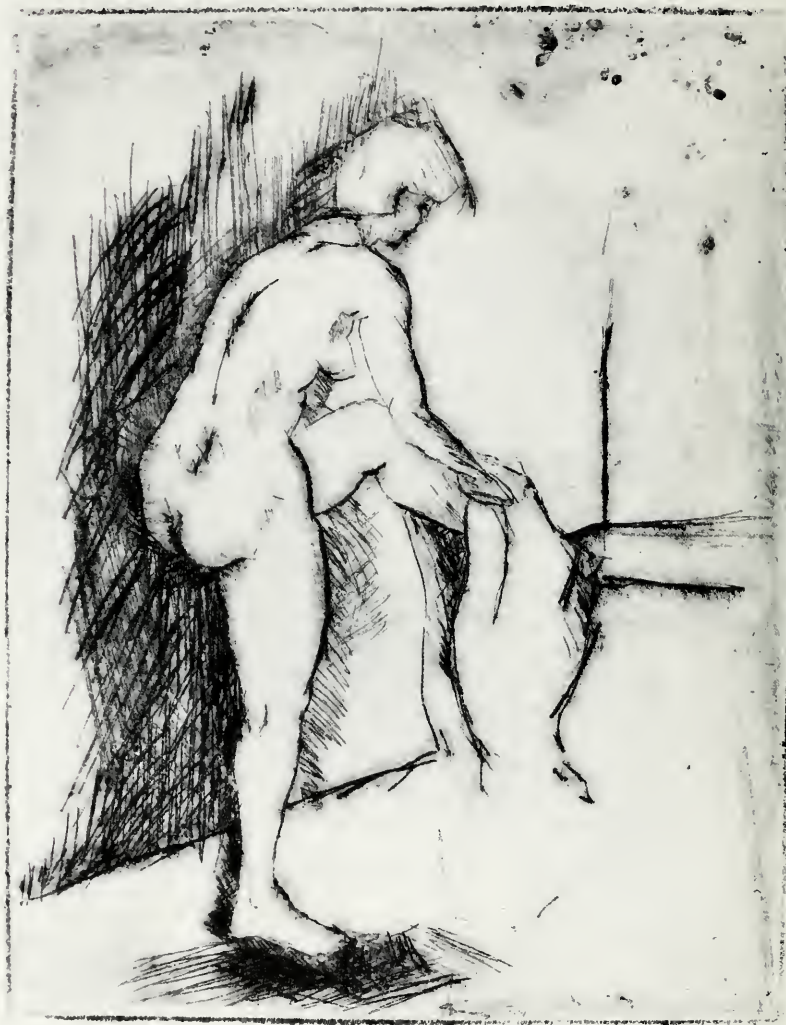
Elizabeth Rochelle Smith-Botsch

Progress and Process

The thought of home
became so pale a memory
it was like "God"
of whom people talk
with different ideas in mind.
I heard of this place
but never would have recognized it
from those rag-tag tales.
Some of us, freefooted emigres,
share the night
and talk of homecoming.
The boys in the Cave,
if they could see us now.
Daylit disagreement on directions
and parting: godspeed, farewell,
and I'll be waiting when you walk in.
We who have arrived in this same place,
each by a different door,
banter among us
sunset stories of the day
that are as varied
as the ideas of God
in the mind.

Mark Thomas

SHEILA BATISTE



"BB"



Figure Study

FLIGHT

The hawks, if I remember, numbered twice
the mystics' count of fullness as they wheeled
elliptically around the knob and us,
their muscles strained to ride the wind, to catch
the last of a sun that yearned for union with
the Earth's soft curve, indefinite with haze.
They danced on dying thermals just before
they slipped behind the distant rocks to rest;
all, all but one which passed a final time
above us on our pinnacle of rock
—a silent and unswerving sweep of air—
and dropped its eyes to wonder at our meek
beholding of the spectacle, our marveling
at the simple mystery of flight.

Nathanael Dresser

The Railroad Tracks Go

The railroad tracks go, flat and straight, from east
to further east, so close
to my home and memories that even night trains, the loudest
trains, fail to move me from sleep. Through the day
I never hear them, but singing in my kitchen
my song thread loops around each chuff
and blow, long short long
long.

I have seen men kicking cans along the road
that tries to follow the railroad tracks, but they are watchful
and lope along until the road curves away.

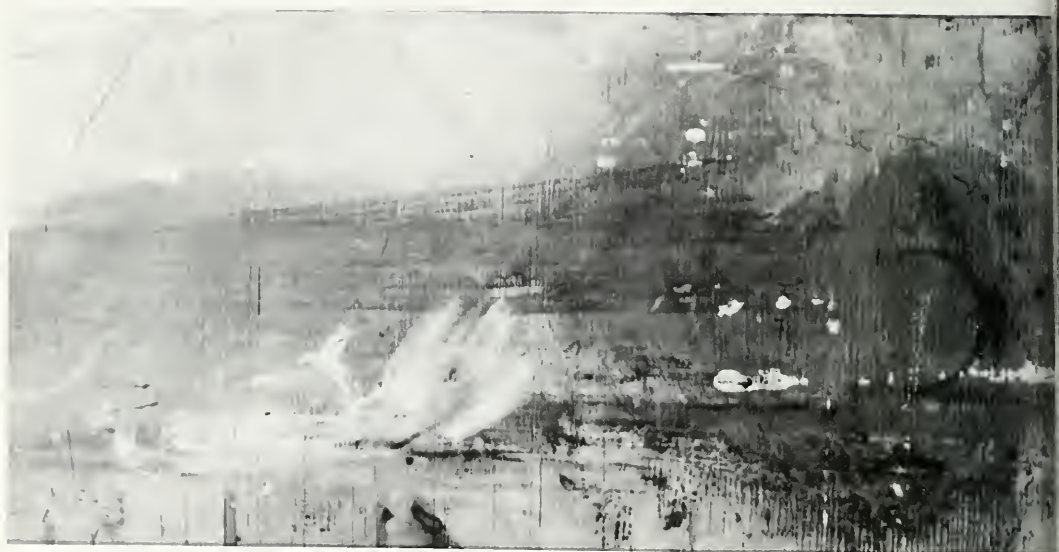
Then they abandon cans, cross the ditch back to the rows
of ties they are bound to keep.

One man stayed a week—I saw him eating supper every evening
on the shoulder of the road, his back turned to all the blunt-faced people
staring from cars, looking through him.

But then he left. He was used to the other side
of life, the glimpses of people he got as he flashed by,
the anonymity of the observer in the gray, loud machine no one thinks about
because it winds so often through our songs and heads
that no one rouses to its call

So accustomed to the taste of liquor that he didn't wince
when he swallowed he sat on the edge of the track
and waited. He heard the train, got up, poised himself
to the rhythm of days, and jumped
to get on with his life.

Elizabeth Rochelle Smith-Botsch



Chris Clodfelt

Nocturne

The other drivers, they say
he drives like Ray Charles:
like swaying side to side
with the play of the wheel,
like squinting and smiling
behind those dark glasses;
on that smooth bass-run up
to the Great White Way, he
plays to such a nightclub
when the city's asleep.

Bringing it around a corner,
a stacatto of green sparks
from percussion of sticks
on frets of e-lectric lines,
he croons in F#7th:
"Twen-ty Se-cond,"
to an audience of one.

Jon M. Obermeyer

STILL LIFE WITH APPLE AND BOUGH

She is painting the red delicious
and has a dazzle in her eye.
She will render the light like a trumpet
and mine the diamond
in the apple's eye.
Like the laurel in the hands of emperors
the blood's buds swell and bloom.
She is painting her blood's forgiveness,
red delicious, clinging to a bough.

David Robinson

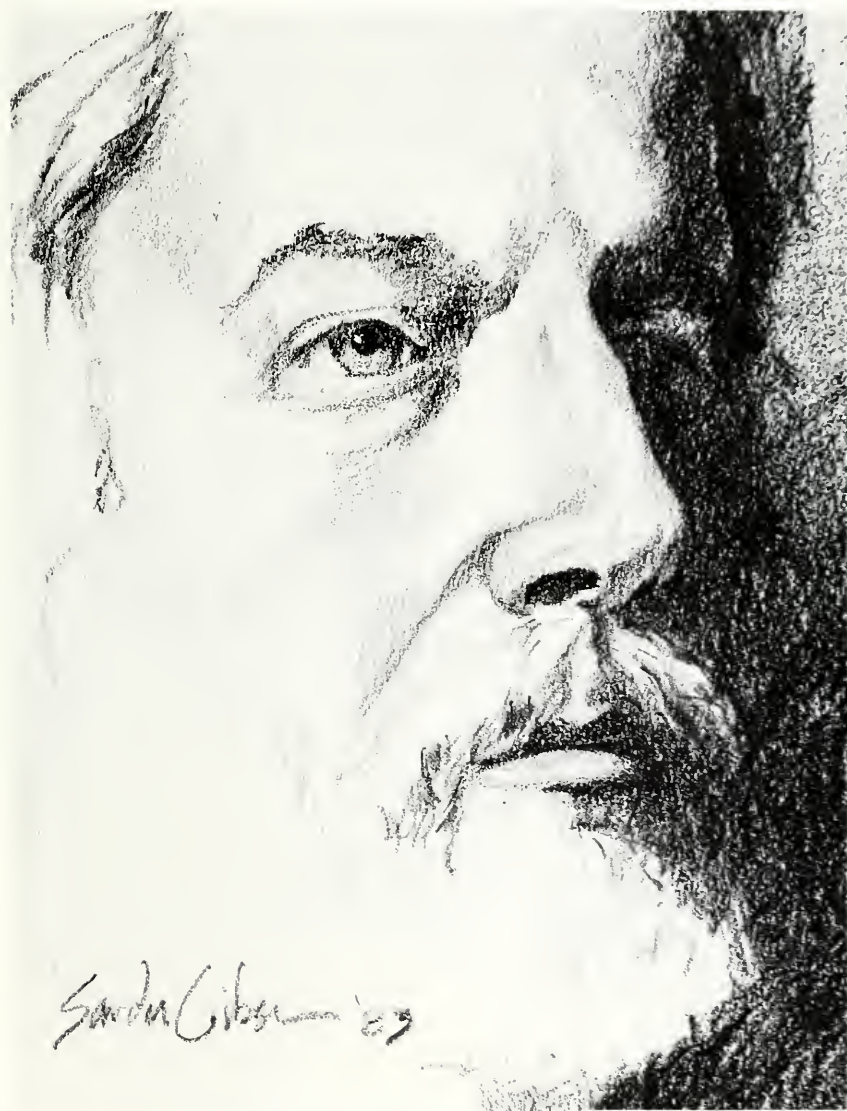
WINTER FORECAST

All evening long something
threateningly immense wedged
between us at the cafe table
under the wash of sullen yellow
light, a something cold and strange
and indefinable that kept
us tensely distant, at arm's length.

I drove you home that night, and having
seen you to the door, I walked
the walkway to my car. The wind
was wild and caught me open-coated,
frisking me with glaciated
hands. Looking overhead
at the lack of constellations as
I buttoned up, I felt the heat,
the fury of the cloud-locked snow.

Nathanael Dresser

SANDER GIBSON







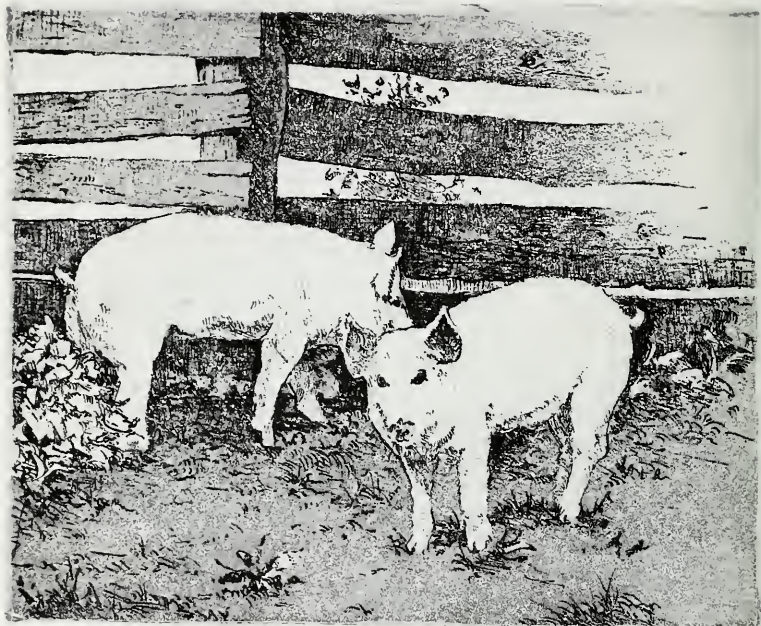


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"Onle Sla"



Sardu Cisca - 1980



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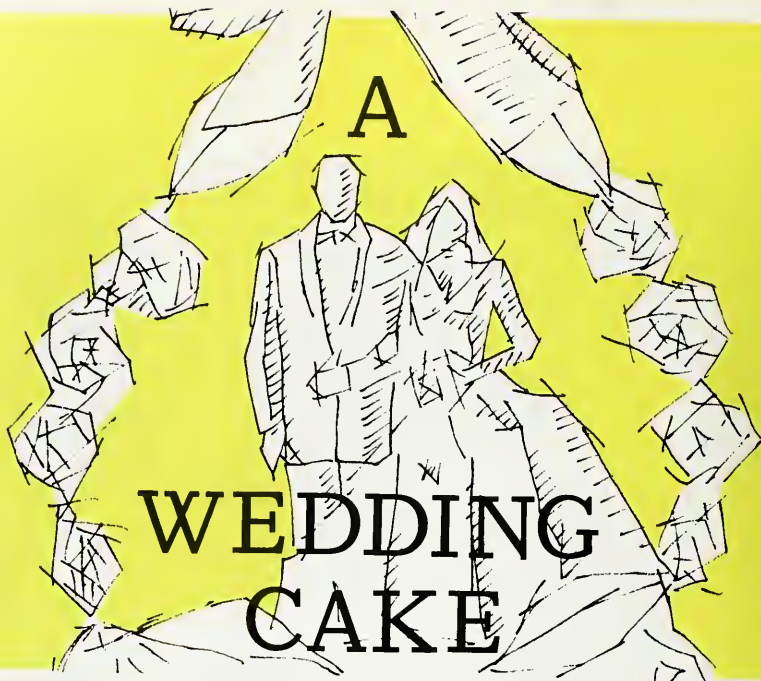
San J. Co. Cal.



13 "Paul" 20th Dec 1942







Ken Hall

I'm worried about Richard. He is my neighbor and best friend. He and his wife, Wanda, have split up. She has taken their two girls, Julie and Tracy, and left. Now he watches too much television; people who are lonely just sit around and watch others. Whenever I go over to his house, there he is in front of the T.V. watching a soap opera or an old black and white movie. Richard just sits there without saying a word, until a scene comes on in which a wife is leaving her husband. Then he will say, "That's just like me and Wanda."

Richard has a nice three bedroom brick home. It reminds me a lot of mine. Except that since his wife has moved out, he has let it go to the dogs: solitary dust covers the few pieces of furniture left, once favorite toys sit forgotten in the rain, Julie's and Tracy's treehouse falls apart. It just goes to show you what can happen to a man when he gets depressed over his wife leaving him.

I never liked Wanda. I don't know why, perhaps because she has big ears and this large mound of blonde hair piled on her head that reminds me of those Texas fire ants' nests. She ran a beauty parlor in their basement. One whole wall was lined with grey hair dryers—a row of soldiers, their heads back at attention. Wanda liked to stir up trouble in the neighborhood. I used to think that she played subversive messages to the women through the hair dryers. But for all her faults, there's one thing you could say about Wanda—she could do hair. Darlene, my wife, never looked better than when she came back from Wanda's. I wonder who does Darlene's hair now.

I was over at Richard's last week. He has these two plastic bells sitting on top of the fireplace, souvenirs of their wedding. They eloped the summer after high school graduation. They went across the state line to one of those little towns that specializes in quicky weddings. After the ceremony, as Richard and Wanda walked out, they passed by a line of "remembrances" that the guy sold. Richard

has said that it was like a concession stand at a baseball game where you can buy pendants and hats. Anyway, I was standing in front of the fireplace looking at the bells when Richard came into the room.

"Things gonna change around here. I'll win her back. Those wedding are gonna keep on ringing," he said.

He had this big grin on his face. Then suddenly Richard started to do a little dance. All he was wearing was a faded white t-shirt and a pair of boxer shorts. I wondered if he was losing it.

"When I was growing up, all the kin used to get together holidays and celebrations," he said and pulled his boxer shorts up to his hips a little. Richard is short and stocky and has got these real skinny legs.

"My grandpa had this wooden leg from a saw mill accident. Whenever the family around, he'd take Granny in his arms and dance across the room. Wooden leg and all," Richard said, smiling. "That's why it's gonna be around here."

As I stood there, I tried to remember the last time Darlene and I danced.

In the kitchen sat a large slice of wedding cake in aluminum foil. Angel's food with white icing. Wanda and Richard bought it a couple of days after they were married. Whenever he felt a little down, Richard brought it out. He said that it made him feel better. I watched over to the cake. The light glittered off the foil. I thought that it smelled freezer burned.

Richard pours cement for a living. When he was first starting out, Richard did only small jobs—patios, sidewalks, driveways. He would spend an hour smoothing the surface with his trowel, making sure the surface was perfect. Then in the corner, he would draw a heart in the cement, and write his and Wanda's names in the heart with an arrow through it. He called it a monument of love. Late at night when everyone was asleep, they would go out there and



in the moonlight. Richard and Wanda would sit in front of the
stove and hold hands for hours, looking like a couple of teenagers
warming themselves by a fire in a fireplace.

For the past several days Richard has been talking about Wanda
and the kids moving back. Since they have been separated, I
have watched Richard through my front window with a pair of
binoculars. But now he believes that they will get back together.
I have seen guys get suicidal when it doesn't work out. Last night
when Richard pulled the curtains together, I got worried. The lights
were on in the basement and thoughts of Richard cutting his wrists
passed through my mind. I walked quietly to his house and looked
through the window. Richard had all the tops of the hair dryers
tied back. He was writing I LOVE YOU on the domes of the
dryers in red paint and singing country and western love songs.
He finished painting each one, he would stick his head directly
into the dryer and sing, the sad words echoing.

After lunch by the time I wake up. Last night I dreamed that
the bells ring. I think of Richard and I look out the window.
He is in his front yard. I wear the same clothes from last night.
I walk over to see how he is doing. Richard's got several boards
across one arm, a small hammer and a paper bag with nails in the
other.

He holds the tiny hammer up and says, "I work construction and
I can't even find a real hammer around here." Richard has a smile
in his face.

Today's the day that Wanda and the girls come over. I mention
to Richard not to get his hopes up.

He smiles again and says, "You remember me telling you about
Grandpa? He and Granny were married for over forty years.
Besides the wooden leg, Grandpa had this long red beard. The kids
used to say that red heads brought good luck. So if I was ever in

trouble I'd run to Grandpa. He'd put his arm around me. And as
I stood there, I'd pull gently on his beard and make a wish.
Whenever the wind blew his beard, it looked like it was on fire."

A small drop of tobacco juice is on the corner of Richard's mouth.
It glistens in the sunlight. "Yep, they were married for over forty
years. Until the tractor ran over her."

I walk back to my house. This can be a tricky time for Richard.
So I pull up a stool and watch out the living room window. He is
working on Julie's and Tracy's treehouse. The hammer is in his
hand. As he cocks his arm back, he looks like one of those mech-
anical figures on a Swiss clock just about to strike the hour.

A ceramic dog sits on the floor near the stool. A tiny layer of
dust covers it, as if it has been treated with flea powder.

It begins to get dark outside. A blue Toyota pulls in the driveway.
Two small girls get out, one on either side, and run to Richard.
As he hugs them, Wanda gets out of the car. Julie and Tracy climb
up the ladder into the treehouse. Wanda and Richard stand in front
of one another and appear to talk. After a few minutes, they walk
to the backyard. Just before turning the corner of the house, Wan-
da's arm slips around Richard's waist.

I sit there for a little while and then rub the tiny ridges on my
wrists. Yesterday I had been thinking about Richard's wedding
cake. I wasn't sure if Darlene saved any of our cake. So I went
to the Winn Dixie and bought one of those cakes they make in the
deli. Devil's food on the inside. Nothing written on the outside.

As I rummage through the drawers looking for a knife, I find
a pack of old candles. Probably left over from a birthday. As I walk
through the house, my footsteps echo.

I sit at the kitchen table in the dark. I put the candles into the
smooth surface of the cake and light them. The flame flickers, il-
luminating only my face. I lean closer to the candles and pause
to make a wish.

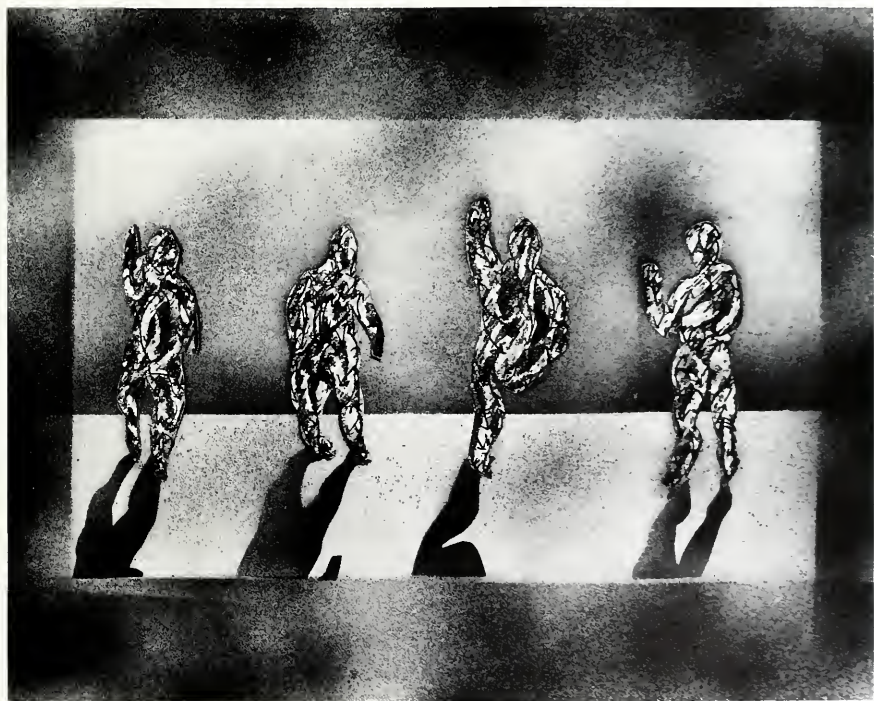
The Chain

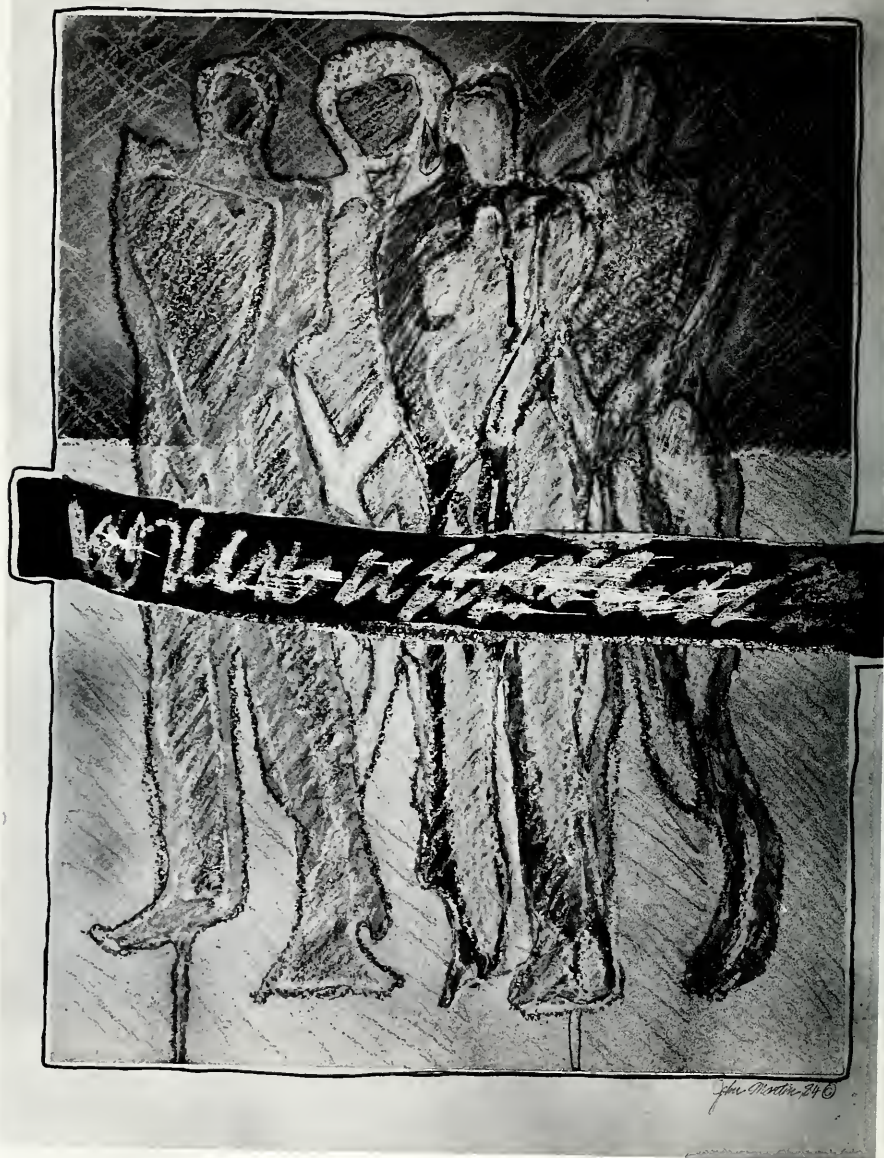
**The necklace your parents gave you
caught my shirtbutton
when you bent down for a kiss.
It broke when you pulled away,
spilling the locket with me inside.
My unlooking, lucky hand
caught the locket and the chain,
while on my neck I felt your fingers
weaving an amorous design.**

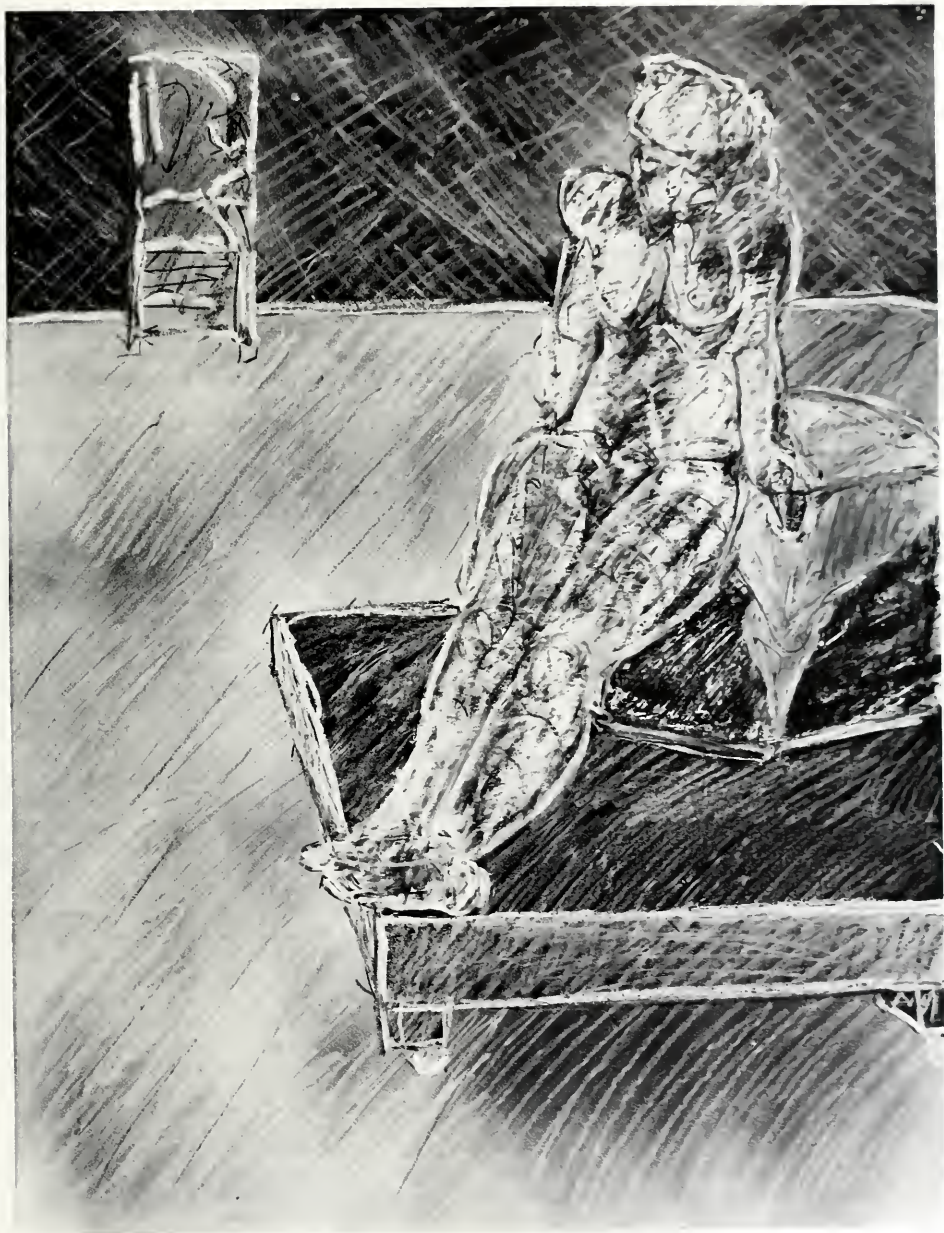
**We mend or do the best we can
to repair the broken links.
I never meant to rescue you
from your golden noose,
but freeing you was as sudden as
holding in my surprised hand
the locket with me frozen in its eye.**

Mark Thomas

JOHN MARTIN







"What are you thinking?"

Marcy Stokely

It had rained all day, a heavy downpour that fills up puddles and soaks through clothes. I got to the cafeteria and Kathy wasn't there yet. She's always late so I sat down in the lobby to wait. When she walked in I nearly laughed out loud. Her hair was thoroughly wet, though she was holding an umbrella in her hand. What stopped me from laughing was realizing that she had just come from the swimming pool, but anyone else might have thought her quite a dope to come through all that rain without opening her umbrella. We got in line for our food.

"The pool was really crowded today. I had to share a lane. I didn't enjoy it so much," she grumped as we picked up trays and silverware.

"That's funny—I'd think that not too many people would want to swim when it's raining so hard."

"Yeah, that's what I thought too." Chicken was one of the choices that evening. Kathy gave me a knowing glance—I always have chicken, in nearly any form, anytime they have it. She didn't say a word, but she knew and she smiled when the server put the two roasted pieces on my plate.

"I called the theater," I said as we sat down to eat. "The movie starts at 7:20."

"OK, we'll have to leave here in time to go back to my apartment. I haven't had the radiator hose fixed yet, but I bought some tape to put on it—maybe that will hold it until I can take it to Cummings." Then she explained that she'd been pouring water into the radiator whenever she drove somewhere, but it ran out really fast. I suggested that since it was raining so much we could just take the cap off and leave the hood up while we drove.

We left the cafeteria and walked through a light mist back to Kathy's apartment. She milled around getting things together for taping the radiator—silver duct tape, a small flashlight, scissors and her new purple rainslicker. I slouched on the blue-grey sofa, shuffling through her newest magazines, breathing in the smell of the scented candle on the coffee table. It is and sweet and spicy smell. I like it because it makes me relax. I feel calm and at home.

The repair kit assembled, we make our way down the back stairs and get the car hood up. It is raining harder again. I hold the flashlight while Kathy feels around the hose, trying to figure out how much tape to cut and how to put it on.

"There's no way to wrap it around," she says pulling out a grimy hand. I can see the opening where the hose attaches. It's right up against the engine block and there isn't room to slide the tape in behind and pull it back out again. The piece of tape has gotten wet and won't stick anyway.

"Here, let me see." I hand the light to Kathy and feel around the same way that she did. The hose and clamp seem tight so why are they leaking? We need tools, but I doubt that Kathy has the ones we need. Besides there isn't time.

"I guess we'll just have to put water in now and take along a container for the drive back," Kathy said with resignation. I was getting aggravated. I wondered why it can never be simple to go somewhere with Kathy.

We stopped at my house to get a jug with a lid so we could carry water with us. I certainly didn't want to go through the embarrassment of finding water at the theater after the movie. When

I ran upstairs to get the jug and a sweater I caught a glance at my clock. It was 7:15! Forget the sweater! We were going to the movie. I raced back down the steps, grabbed open the car, flung the jug on the back floorboard, jumped in, folded my arms across my lap and calmly asked, "Do you know what time it is?" "Yeah, we're going to be late, aren't we?" Kathy replied as she shifted the car into drive and pulled out on the street. "They'll show lots of previews."

We came out after the movie and poured the water into the radiator without saying much. I felt like being quiet. I wanted to think about the movie. It had made me cry and I did not know how to stop. As we got to High Point Road, the rain started again, or it was the passing cars spraying water from the street up on the windshield. I just kept looking out the window, and then it came. "What are you thinking?"

"What are you thinking?" I can't even remember the first time I heard that question from Kathy. Probably it was the first time that I went to confide in her. She was an unlikely choice for a friend. I knew her least well of our inner circle of friends, but I thought that she had the answers I wanted. She doesn't give answers—only questions.

"What are you thinking? How do you feel about that?" That was the first time I hear—maybe hundreds of times she's asked me those questions by now. I've learned how to put on a pose, a facial expression that will draw her attention when I have something on my mind. It makes me ready, gets my courage up whenever I hear her ask, "What are you thinking?" Now I just need to find a way to keep her from asking when I don't want to be asked.

Kathy used to frighten me when I first met her. I was a freshman and she was a year older. It was her inquisitiveness, I think. She always asking so many questions, bearing down on me, her eyes demanding profound responses. Just passing her in the hall became a dreaded encounter. I tried to avoid her as much as possible. She seemed strangely foreign, but she was only from Philadelphia.

"I don't know if you know this or not...my mother committed suicide." Kathy paused to let the words sink in the air. She was sitting on my bed with one leg tucked underneath her, the other dangling over the edge, the toe of her sandal just touching the floor. It had been a very hot day. She had put her hair up, pulled it back away from her face. The effect was to make her face very open, unprotected and vulnerable. Afterall, she had just told me something she'd withheld for a long time.

I turned my eyes away, looking at my knees and past them at the new beige rug. A trickle of sweat ran down my neck. I suddenly realized. I had suspected this for awhile, taking a few clues from Kathy'd generally vague references to her mother. But not knowing somehow didn't let it be real, not as horrible. I had wanted to ask many questions when this time came, but they were gone from my mind. I remained quiet and let her say as much as she was willing to tell.

I am ashamed to say now that I don't remember many of the details of what she said that night. Maybe it was the shock of what she was saying, but that she was saying it at all—she didn't listen very well: it happened at Easter, an overdose of pain in the hospital a week before she died. Those are the major points and then "Now I think that maybe she didn't want to die." Kathy said that I had caused her to change her mind about that.

It is embarrassing to say just when and how I had such an effect. At a party last spring, feeling overly responsible for the fact that almost no one showed up, I tried to make it up to the h

end Ron, by drinking the excess. He had spent a lot of money at the party, partially at my bidding—money that he could've used for more important things. I felt guilty and spent the evening single-mindedly drinking most of a 2-litre bottle of the worst wine I have ever tasted.

At a time late that evening, another friend, Carol, discovered I had passed out on the bathroom floor, curled in fetal position around the base of the commode. I hadn't been sick yet, but I would be. Carol called Kathy in and for about three hours they tended me. In between bouts of sickness I talked, a lot, much of it about my father, rambling about guilty feelings over my father's death—I didn't talk to him at all the day he died, that I didn't bring home a souvenir from my trip to D.C., and my suspicion that he may have lived if only the heart attack had happened at home.

During those hours, Carol played psycho-analyst, questioning me, even harshly at times. But Kathy was quiet, standing back, handing me a glass of water or a cool wash cloth every now and then. Her mind must have already been at work, but she didn't say anything until months later.

After a really angry sometimes, angry at her for doing it. I mean I wasn't a baby anymore—I was already a person. She had had me for many years and I don't understand how she could leave me," she explained, shifting a little on the bed without breaking her composure, looking straight-in-the-eyes that I can rarely return comfort. Again I looked at my knees.

Now I think that maybe she didn't mean to die, or want to—my dad and I had stayed home that day she wouldn't have had the chance. She wouldn't have had the chance." I had never guessed Kathy was thinking about these things. Maybe they are things that either of us needs to keep thinking about.

When I was in high school I had colored light bulbs that I'd put in the lamps in my room, and I had a black light and black light bulbs," Kathy was telling me one night while we waited at a stop for her purple Plymouth Duster, a car I often call 'The Prune.' She likes purple—purple bike when she was a kid, purple socks, a car, even a purple softball.

It was a good thing that we didn't know each other then. My mother wouldn't have let me hang around with you. She thinks that people who have black lights are all druggies," I said laughingly, but Kathy was little serious.

You know, parents used to not let their kids play with me after my mom died. I spent so much time running around by myself while my dad was at work that they considered me—I don't know—some kind of stray or wild child." She still like spending time alone, in her room, sometimes not answering the door when somebody knocks. I was in many ways still a loner.

It was an ugly obscene joke. But Kathy laughed at it—harder than she's laughed at anything in a long time. The joke was vulgar. It offended me. Still, she laughed and laughed, tears welling up in her eyes as she doubled over, clutching her sides, almost unable to talk any further. We were passing in front of the library. I knew we were watching us, staring at her. I had walked on for several minutes, but people could tell that I was part of this scene. Kathy was unphased. She continued to laugh, inching toward me in that awkward position. I stood with my arms folded in front of me, trying not to be angry, at least to look mad, but finding it impossible to smile freely, happily at the sight of my troubled friend laughing uncontrollably at a joke she knew she should not laugh at. "I'm sorry," she said a few times while catching in her breath between spasms of laughter.

"It's OK," I assured her. She deserved to laugh that way—fully, without any, a brief cleansing and relieving moment. Then it was over.

Someone that we knew came out of the library, ending the burst of euphoria, the 'spot in time.'

Kathy has a skewed sense of humor. She sees absurdity in the world, in things that aren't meant to be absurd. She often views things with seriousness that seem absurd to other people. One of her favorite poems is about underwear. She has a keen sense of the bizarre as the normal.

Now and then I read to Kathy from Lillian Hellman's writing. She likes to be read to and she likes Lillian Hellman. Once I read excerpts from the story "Maybe"—a section where Hellman tells about a lover she had when she was young, a man who told her that she smelled funny to him. As a result, Hellman became a compulsive three-times-a-day bather, a habit that continued long after the affair was over. Sometimes she wasn't even aware that she was doing it. Kathy liked the story, laughed at it, said it sounded like something that would happen to her.

She also liked very much Edward Hoagland's essay on pain. She didn't think it was especially weird that the guy spanked his lover before they made love. Kathy chuckled more than a little when I read the part about how he had been 'priveleged' to keep milk flowing in the woman's breasts until they picked up her baby at the home for unwed mothers.

The laughter had ended. Kathy had to go back to work. I went home to take a nap, but couldn't sleep. I kept remembering Kathy laughing, grinning to myself, awake with happiness. I got out of bed and sat in my easy chair, staring out the window at the trees and rooftops, listening to the rumble of the bulldozer that was destroying the Weatherspoon house on Tate Street. I wasn't happy anymore—not because the house was being torn down, though I had hoped it would be saved. It made me sad to think how long it had been since Kathy had laughed so much and so easily. I felt powerless to help her. I wanted to find other ways to make her laugh.

"What are you thinking?" she said in her usual way. She was lying on the couch in army green warm-up pants and a navy blue turtleneck. I had come to find out what she thought about something—me writing about her mother's death the way I had—and still she ended up asking me, her same old refrain.

I felt that I needed to clear such a sensitive subject with her before turning it in as part of an assignment, yet I didn't want her to read the writing itself before I was finished with it. I tried to explain first, but then realized that the best way to explain was simply to let her read it. She would know exactly how she felt from that and so would I. Still I hesitated.

"Well. OK, give it here," she said, a little annoyed with my stalling. She had a paper to write and time was wasting. "That's what you're here for—let's have it." I gave it to her reluctantly.

She finished reading.

"Do you want me to react to this?"

"You can tell me what you think. Do you basically agree—?"

"Grammatically?"

"No, with what it says."

"Oh, thematically," she quipped with an exaggerated sweep of her arm. Her punchiness was starting to make me mad. I wanted her to be serious. "Yes, thematically. I agree, but there are grammatical things that I would differ on."

I wasn't asking about themes or grammar. I was asking her what she thought, how it made her feel, and did I get the facts straight. I let out a long sigh, and then it came—"What are you thinking?"

"I'm putting that in the essay, you know. And I like it." I said instead of telling her what I was thinking, that I was angry.

"Which do you like? What you've written about it or being asked?" she said with a teasing laugh. "What are you thinking?" ■

THE REUNION, FOR LINDA

In the wake of years apart,
we meet, old friends. Starting out wet
as lizards, we climb over people we have
known like stones, testing our footing on
the moss of old times
before we reach the rafters
of the new spaces between us
where we hang like bats,
wings folded
against the attic of our
separate days.

Marcia McCredie

BARREL

Dismantling an old barrel,
a big rain-catcher filled with limbs,
tin cans, and dirt, we work
unwinding the hoops, placing the slats
in the bed of the pickup.

You prefer muteness as you work,
singing backwards all day
the wordless tune washing into you
like copper rain.

Through the plug-hole you see the creek,
lit copper from the leaf-filtered sun.
You hum metal, water, and wood
with no words, in the woods
dismantling an old barrel.

David Robinson

WAITING

Waiting

for you to find I'm a foolish maid
or think I am, it's all the same.

Consider the seasons
the leaves that swing shadows on the world.
Do they fear falling?
Do they turn, hesitant hue
'tween the barrel etching
and the golden glory,
fingers in their mouths
against the fateful choosing?

Do they think
that puny Spring
a Winter's work laid by
would sigh and brush the gray from golden
to stand in the sun-soaked, leaf-buried porch?

Catherine L. H. Covington



Deadline for Fall Issue:
September 18

POETRY
PROSE
PHOTOGRAPHY
ART

ing submissions to Room 205,
Elliott University Center.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Deadline: October 4

1. Each person may submit only one story.
2. Stories must be typed, doublespaced.
3. Stories may not exceed 15 pages in length.
4. The contributor must put name, address, telephone number, student status (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, graduate, non-student), and major (if a student) on the manuscript.
5. First prize will be \$50 and honorable mention is \$20. Money prizes can be awarded only if the winner is a current UNC-G student.
6. Bring manuscripts to Room 205, Elliott University Center.
7. Winning stories will appear in the winter CORADDI.

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

Deadline: October 18

1. Each person may submit up to four photographs.
2. Photographs must be matted.
3. Only black and white photographs will be considered.
4. The contributor must put name, address, telephone number, student status (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior, graduate, non-student), and major (if a student) on the back of each photograph.
5. First place will be \$50, second place \$25, and third place \$15. Money prizes will be awarded only if the winner is a current UNC-G student.
6. Bring submissions to Room 205, Elliott University Center.
7. Winning photographs will appear in the winter CORADDI.

CORADDI
205 Elliott University Center
UNC-G
Greensboro, NC 27412

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Coraddi is published three times a year by the University Media Board of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. The subscription rate for the current year is \$6.00. Coraddi is printed by Hunter Publishing Company, Winston-Salem. Harry Kirchmeyer, Account Representative.

